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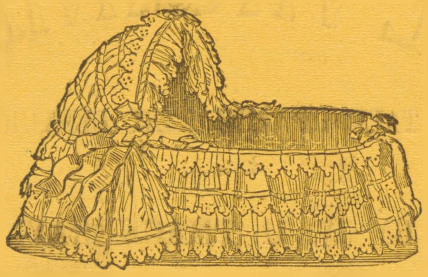

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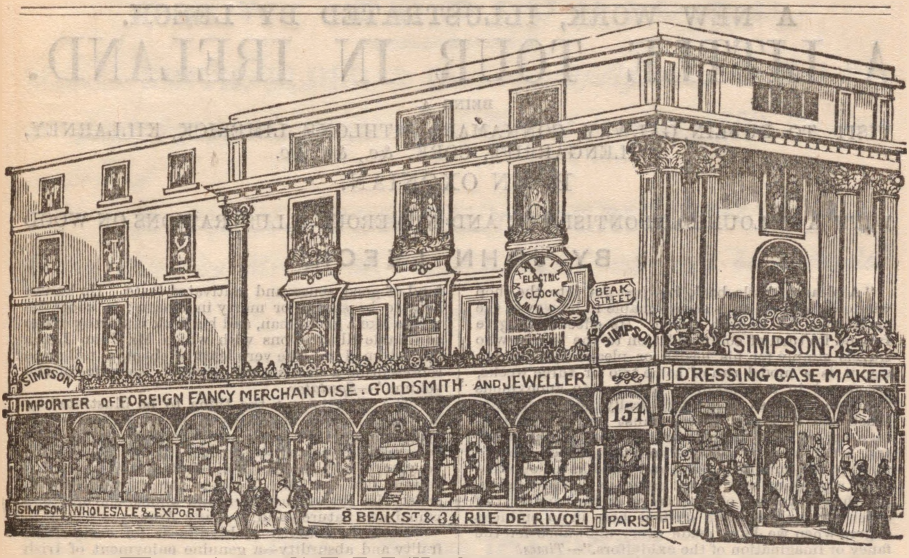

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Gold and Enamel Lockets ... ,,	0	10	0	,, 15	0	0
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12 Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 Mustard do.	0 1 6	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 3 0
6 Egg do.	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 6	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 12 6
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
1 Fish Knife	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 15 6	0 18 6
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 5 9	0 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
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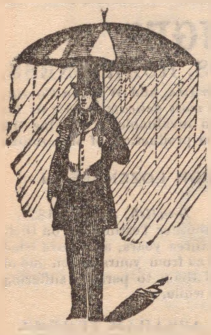

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THE VIRGINIANS

VOL. 2

LONDON:

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

1859.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SATIS PUGNÆ.

IT has always seemed to me (I speak under the correction of military gentlemen) that the entrenchments of Breed's Hill served the continental army throughout the whole of our American war. The slaughter inflicted upon us from behind those lines was so severe, and the behaviour of the enemy so resolute, that the British chiefs respected the barricades of the Americans hereafter; and were they firing from behind a row of blankets, certain of our generals rather hesitated to force them. In the affair of the White Plains, when, for a second time, Mr. Washington's army was quite at the mercy of the victors, we subsequently heard that our conquering troops were held back before a barricade actually composed of corn-stalks and straw. Another opportunity was given us, and lasted during a whole winter, during which the dwindling and dismayed troops of Congress lay starving and unarmed under our grasp, and the magnanimous Mr. Howe left the famous camp of Valley Forge untouched, whilst his great, brave, and perfectly appointed army fiddled and gambled and feasted in Philadelphia. And, by Byng's countrymen, triumphal arches were erected, tournaments were held in pleasant mockery of the middle ages, and wreaths and garlands offered by beautiful ladies to this clement chief, with fantastical mottoes and posies announcing that his laurels should be immortal! Why have my ungrateful countrymen in America never

erected statues to this general? They had not in all their army an officer who fought their battles better; who enabled them to retrieve their errors with such adroitness; who took care that their defeats should be so little hurtful to themselves; and when, in the course of events, the stronger force naturally got the uppermost, who showed such an untiring tenderness, patience, and complacency in helping the poor disabled opponent on to his legs again. Ah! think of eighteen years before and the fiery young warrior whom England had sent out to fight her adversary on the American continent. Fancy him for ever pacing round the defences behind which the foe lies sheltered; by night and by day alike sleepless and eager; consuming away in his fierce wrath and longing, and never closing his eye, so intent is it in watching; winding the track with untiring scent that pants and hungers for blood and battle; prowling through midnight forests, or climbing silent over precipices before dawn; and watching till his great heart is almost worn out, until the foe shows himself at last, when he springs on him and grapples with him, and, dying, slays him! Think of Wolfe at Quebec, and hearken to Howe's fiddles as he sits smiling amongst the dancers at Philadelphia!

A favourite scheme with our ministers at home and some of our generals in America, was to establish a communication between Canada and New York, by which means it was hoped New England might be cut off from the neighbouring colonies, overpowered in detail, and forced into submission. Burgoyne was entrusted with the conduct of the plan, and he set forth from Quebec, confidently promising to bring it to a successful issue. His march began in military state: the trumpets of his proclamations blew before him; he bade the colonists to remember the immense power of England; and summoned the misguided rebels to lay down their arms. He brought with him a formidable English force, an army of German veterans not less powerful, a dreadful band of Indian warriors, and a brilliant train of artillery. It was supposed that the people round his march would rally to the Royal cause and standards. The Continental force in front of him was small at first, and Washington's army was weakened by the withdrawal of troops who were hurried forward to meet this Canadian invasion. A British detachment from New York was to force its way up the Hudson, sweeping away the enemy on the route, and make a junction with Burgoyne at Albany. Then was the time, when Washington's weakened army should have been struck too; but a greater Power willed otherwise: nor am I, for one, even going to regret the termination of the war. As we look over the game now, how clear seem the blunders which were made by the losing side! From the beginning to the end we were for ever arriving too late. Our supplies and reinforcements from home were too late. Our troops were in difficulty, and our succours reached them too late. Our fleet appeared off York Town just too late, after Cornwallis had surrendered. A way of escape was opened to Burgoyne, but he resolved upon retreat too late. I have heard discomfited officers in after days prove infallibly how a different

wind would have saved America to us; how we must have destroyed the French fleet but for a tempest or two; how once, twice, thrice, but for nightfall, Mr. Washington and his army were in our power. Who has not speculated, in the course of his reading of history, upon the "Has been" and the "Might have been" in the world? I take my tattered old map-book from the shelf, and see the board on which the great contest was played; I wonder at the curious chances which lost it: and, putting aside any idle talk about the respective bravery of the two nations, can't but see that we had the best cards, and that we lost the game.

I own the sport had a considerable fascination for me, and stirred up my languid blood. My brother Hal, when settled on his plantation in Virginia, was perfectly satisfied with the sports and occupations he found there. The company of the country neighbours sufficed him; he never tired of looking after his crops and people, taking his fish, shooting his ducks, hunting in his woods, or enjoying his rubber, and his supper. Happy Hal, in his great barn of a house, under his roomy porches, his dogs lying round his feet: his friends, the Virginian Will Wimbles, at free quarters in his mansion; his negroes fat, lazy, and ragged: his shrewd little wife ruling over them and her husband, who always obeyed her implicitly when living, and who was pretty speedily consoled when she died! I say happy, though his lot would have been intolerable to me: wife, and friends, and plantation, and town life at Richmond (Richmond succeeded to the honour of being the capital when our Province became a State). How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him! My income was five times as great, my house in England as large, and built of bricks and faced with freestone; my wife—would I have changed her for any other wife in the world? My children—well, I am contented with my Lady Warrington's opinion about *them*. But with all these plums and peaches and rich fruits out of Plenty's horn poured into my lap, I fear I have been but an ingrate; and Hodge, my gatekeeper, who shares his bread and scrap of bacon with a family as large as his master's, seems to me to enjoy his meal as much as I do, though Mrs. Molly prepares her best dishes and sweetmeats, and Mr. Gumbo uncorks the choicest bottle from the cellar! Ah, me; sweetmeats have lost their savour for me, however they may rejoice my young ones from the nursery, and the perfume of claret palls upon old noses! Our parson has poured out his sermons many and many a time to me, and perhaps I did not care for them much when he first broached them. Dost thou remember, honest friend (sure he does, for he has repeated the story over the bottle as many times as his sermons almost, and my Lady Warrington pretends as if she had never heard it),—I say, Joe Blake, thou rememberest full well, and with advantages, that October evening when we scrambled up an embrasure at Fort Clinton, and a clubbed musket would have dashed these valuable brains out, had not Joe's sword whipped my rebellious countryman through the

gizzard. Joe wore a red coat in those days (the uniform of the brave Sixty-third, whose leader, the bold Sill, fell pierced with many wounds beside him). He exchanged his red for black and my pulpit. His doctrines are sound, and his sermons short. We read the papers together over our wine. Not two months ago we read our old friend Howe's glorious deed of the first of June. We were told how the noble Rawdon, who fought with us at Fort Clinton, had joined the Duke of York: and to-day his Royal Highness is in full retreat before Pichegru: and he and my son Miles have taken Valenciennes for nothing! Ah, parson! would you not like to put on your old Sixty-third coat? (though I doubt Mrs. Blake could never make the buttons and button-holes meet again over your big body). The boys were acting a play with my militia sword. O that I were young again, Mr. Blake! that I had not the gout in my toe; and I would saddle Rosinante and ride back into the world, and feel the pulses beat again, and play a little of life's glorious game!

The last "*hit*" which I saw played, was gallantly won by our side; though 'tis true that even in this *parti* the Americans won the rubber —our people gaining only the ground they stood on, and the guns, stores, and ships which they captured and destroyed, whilst our efforts at rescue were too late to prevent the catastrophe impending over Burgoyne's unfortunate army. After one of those delays which *always* were happening to retard our plans and weaken the blows which our chiefs intended to deliver, an expedition was got under weigh from New York at the close of the month of September, '77; that, could it but have advanced a fortnight earlier, might have saved the doomed force of Burgoyne. *Sed Dis aliter visum.* The delay here was not Sir Henry Clinton's fault, who could not leave his city unprotected; but the winds and weather which delayed the arrival of reinforcements which we had long awaited from England. The fleet which brought them, brought us long and fond letters from home, with the very last news of the children under the care of their good aunt Hetty and their grandfather. The mother's heart yearned towards the absent young ones. She made me no reproaches: but I could read her importunities in her anxious eyes, her terrors for me, and her longing for her children. "Why stay longer?" she seemed to say. "You who have no calling to this war, or to draw the sword against your countrymen—why continue to imperil your life and my happiness?" I understood her appeal. We were to enter upon no immediate service of danger; I told her Sir Henry was only going to accompany the expedition for a part of the way. I would return with him, the reconnoissance over, and Christmas, please Heaven, should see our family once more united in England.

A force of three thousand men, including a couple of slender regiments of American Loyalists, and New York Militia (with which latter my distinguished relative, Mr. Will Esmond, went as captain,) was embarked at New York, and our armament sailed up the noble Hudson river, that presents finer aspects than the Rhine in Europe to

my mind: nor was any fire opened upon us from those beetling cliffs and precipitous "palisades," as they are called, by which we sailed; the enemy, strange to say, being for once unaware of the movement we contemplated. Our first landing was on the Eastern bank, at a place called Verplancks Point, whence the Congress troops withdrew after a slight resistance, their leader, the tough old Putnam (so famous during the war) supposing that our march was to be directed towards the Eastern Highlands, by which we intended to penetrate to Burgoyne. Putnam fell back to occupy these passes, a small detachment of ours being sent forward as if in pursuit, which he imagined was to be followed by the rest of our force. Meanwhile, before day-light, two thousand men without artillery, were carried over to Stoney Point on the Western shore, opposite Verplanck's, and under a great hill called the Dunderberg by the old Dutch lords of the stream, and which hangs precipitously over it. A little stream at the northern base of this mountain intersects it from the opposite height on which Fort Clinton stood, named not after our general, but after one of the two gentlemen of the same name, who were amongst the oldest and most respected of the provincial gentry of New York, and who were at this moment actually in command against Sir Henry. On the next height to Clinton is Fort Montgomery; and, behind them rises a hill called Bear Hill; whilst at the opposite side of the magnificent stream stands "Saint Antony's Nose," a prodigious peak indeed, which the Dutch had quaintly christened.

The attacks on the two forts were almost simultaneous. Half our men were detached for the assault on Fort Mongomery, under the brave Campbell, who fell before the rampart. Sir Henry, who would never be out of danger where he could find it, personally led the remainder; and hoped, he said, that we should have better luck than before the Sullivain Island. A path led up to the Dunderberg, so narrow as scarcely to admit three men abreast, and in utter silence our whole force scaled it, wondering at every rugged step to meet with no opposition. The enemy had not even kept a watch on it; nor were we descried until we were descending the height, at the base of which we easily dispersed a small force sent hurriedly to oppose us. The firing which here took place rendered all idea of a surprise impossible. The fort was before us. With such arms as the troops had in their hands, they had to assault; and silently and swiftly, in the face of the artillery playing upon them, the troops ascended the hill. The men had orders on no account to fire. Taking the colours of the Sixty-third, and bearing them aloft, Sir Henry mounted with the stormers. The place was so steep that the men pushed each other over the wall and through the embrasures; and it was there that Lieutenant Joseph Blake, the father of a certain Joseph Clinton Blake, who looks with the eyes of affection on a certain young lady, presented himself to the living of Warrington by saving the life of the unworthy patron thereof.

About a fourth part of the garrison, as we were told, escaped out of the fort, the rest being killed or wounded, or remaining our prisoners

within the works. Fort Montgomery was, in like manner, stormed and taken by our people; and, at night, as we looked down from the heights where the king's standard had been just planted, we were treated to a splendid illumination in the river below. Under Fort Montgomery, and stretching over to that lofty prominence, called St. Antony's Nose, a boom and chain had been laid with a vast cost and labour, behind which several American frigates and gallies were anchored. The fort being taken, these ships attempted to get up the river in the darkness, out of the reach of guns, which they knew must destroy them in the morning. But the wind was unfavourable, and escape was found to be impossible. The crews therefore took to the boats, and so landed, having previously set the ships on fire, with all their sails set; and we beheld these magnificent pyramids of flame burning up to the heavens and reflected in the waters below, until, in the midst of prodigious explosions, they sank and disappeared.

On the next day a *parlementaire* came in from the enemy, to inquire as to the state of his troops left wounded or prisoners in our hands, and the continental officer brought me a note, which gave me a strange shock, for it showed that in the struggle of the previous evening my brother had been engaged. It was dated October 7, from Major-General George Clinton's divisional head-quarters, and it stated briefly that "Colonel H. Warrington, of the Virginia line, hopes that Sir George Warrington escaped unhurt in the assault of last evening, from which the Colonel himself was so fortunate as to retire without the least injury." Never did I say my prayers more heartily and gratefully than on that night, devoutly thanking Heaven that my dearest brother was spared, and making a vow at the same time to withdraw out of the fratricidal contest, into which I only had entered because Honour and Duty seemed imperatively to call me.

I own I felt an inexpressible relief when I had come to the resolution to retire and betake myself to the peaceful shade of my own vines and fig-trees at home. I longed, however, to see my brother ere I returned, and asked, and easily obtained, an errand to the camp of the American General Clinton from our own chief. The head-quarters of his division were now some miles up the river, and a boat and a flag of truce quickly brought me to the point where his out picquets received me on the shore. My brother was very soon with me. He had only lately joined General Clinton's division with letters from head-quarters at Philadelphia, and he chanced to hear after the attack on Fort Clinton that I had been present during the affair. We passed a brief delightful night together; Mr. Sady, who always followed Hal to the war, cooking a feast in honour of both his masters. There was but one bed of straw in the hut where we had quarters, and Hal and I slept on it, side by side, as we had done when we were boys. We had a hundred things to say regarding past times and present. His kind heart gladdened when I told him of my resolve to retire to my acres and to take off the red coat which I wore: he flung his arms round it. "Praised be God!" said he. "O heavens, George! think what

might have happened had we met in the affair two nights ago!" And he turned quite pale at the thought. He eased my mind with respect to our mother. She was a bitter Tory, to be sure, but the Chief had given special injunctions regarding her safety. "And Fanny" (Hal's wife) "watches over her, and she is as good as a company!" cried the enthusiastic husband. "Isn't she clever? Isn't she handsome? Isn't she good?" cries Hal, never, fortunately, waiting for a reply to these ardent queries. "And to think that I was nearly marrying Maria once! O mercy! what an escape I had!" he added. "Hagan prays for the King, every morning and night at Castlewood, but they bolt the doors, and nobody hears. Gracious powers! his wife is sixty if she is a day; and, O George! the quantity she drinks is . . . . ." But why tell the failings of our good cousin? I am pleased to think she lived to drink the health of King George long after his Old Dominion had passed for ever from his sceptre.

The morning came when my brief mission to the camp was ended, and the truest of friends and fondest of brothers accompanied me to my boat, which lay waiting at the river-side. We exchanged an embrace at parting, and his hand held mine yet for a moment ere I stepped into the barge which bore me rapidly down the stream. "Shall I see thee once more, dearest and best companion of my youth?" I thought. "Amongst our cold Englishmen, can I ever hope to meet with a friend like thee? When hadst thou ever a thought that was not kindly and generous? When a wish, or a possession, but for me you would sacrifice it? How brave are you, and how modest; how gentle, and how strong; how simple, unselfish, and humble; how eager to see others' merit; how diffident of your own!" He stood on the shore till his figure grew dim before me. There was that in my eyes which prevented me from seeing him longer.

Brilliant as Sir Henry's success had been, it was achieved, as usual, too late: and served but as a small set-off against the disaster of Burgoyne which ensued immediately, and which our advance was utterly inadequate to relieve. More than one secret messenger was dispatched to him who never reached him, and of whom we never learned the fate. Of one wretch who offered to carry intelligence to him, and whom Sir Henry dispatched with a letter of his own, we heard the miserable doom. Falling in with some of the troops of General George Clinton, who happened to be in red uniform (part of the prize of a British ship's cargo, doubtless, which had been taken by American privateers), the spy thought he was in the English army, and advanced towards the sentries. He found his mistake too late. His letter was discovered upon him, and he had to die for bearing it. In ten days after the success at the Forts occurred the great disaster at Saratoga, of which we carried the dismal particulars in the fleet which bore us home. I am afraid my wife was unable to mourn for it. She had her children, her father, her sister to revisit, and daily and nightly thanks to pay to heaven that had brought her husband safe out of danger.

CHAPTER XLIV.

UNDER VINE AND FIG-TREE.

NEED I describe, young folks, the delights of the meeting at home, and the mother's happiness with all her brood once more under her fond wings? It was wrote in her face, and acknowledged on her knees. Our house was large enough for all, but Aunt Hetty would not stay in it. She said, fairly, that to resign her *motherhood* over the elder children, who had been hers for nearly three years, cost her too great a pang; and she could not bear for yet awhile to be with them, and to submit to take only the second place. So she and her father went away to a house at Bury St. Edmonds, not far from us, where they lived, and where she spoiled her eldest nephew and niece in private. It was the year after we came home that Mr. B——, the Jamaica planter, died, who left her the half of his fortune; and then I heard, for the first time, how the worthy gentleman had been greatly enamoured of her in Jamaica, and, though she had refused him, had thus shown his constancy to her. Heaven knows how much property of Aunt Hetty's Monsieur Miles hath already devoured! the price of his commission and outfit; his gorgeous uniforms; his play-debts and little transactions in the Minories;—do you think, sirrah, I do not know what human nature is; what is the cost of Pall Mall taverns, *petits soupers*, play—even in moderation—at the Cocoa-tree; and that a gentleman cannot purchase all these enjoyments

with the five hundred a year which I allow him? Aunt Hetty declares she has made up her mind to be an old maid. "I made a vow never to marry until I could find a man as good as my dear father," she said; "and I never did, Sir George. No, my dearest Theo, not half as good; and Sir George may put *that* in his pipe and smoke it."

And yet when the good General died (calm, and full of years, and glad to depart), I think it was my wife who shed the most tears. "I weep because I think I did not love him enough," said the tender creature: whereas Hetty scarce departed from her calm, at least outwardly and before any of us; talks of him constantly still, as though he were alive; recalls his merry sayings, his gentle, kind ways with his children (when she brightens up and looks herself quite a girl again), and sits cheerfully looking up to the slab in church which records his name and some of his virtues, and for once tells no lies.

I had fancied, sometimes, that my brother Hal, for whom Hetty had a juvenile passion, always retained a hold of her heart; and when he came to see us, ten years ago, I told him of this childish romance of Het's, with the hope, I own, that he would ask her to replace Mrs. Fanny, who had been gathered to her fathers, and regarding whom my wife (with her usual propensity to consider herself a miserable sinner) always reproached herself, because, forsooth, she did not regret Fanny enough. Hal, when he came to us, was plunged in grief about her loss; and vowed that the world did not contain such another woman. Our dear old General, who was still in life then, took him in and housed him, as he had done in the happy early days. The women played him the very same tunes which he had heard when a boy at Oakhurst. Everybody's heart was very soft with old recollections, and Harry never tired of pouring out his griefs and his recitals of his wife's virtues to Het, and anon of talking fondly about his dear Aunt Lambert, whom he loved with all his heart, and whose praises, you may be sure, were welcome to the faithful old husband, out of whose thoughts his wife's memory was never, I believe, absent for any three waking minutes of the day.

General Hal went to Paris as an American General Officer in his blue and yellow (which Mr. Fox and other gentlemen had brought into fashion here likewise), and was made much of at Versailles, although he was presented by Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette to the most Christian King and Queen, who did not love Monsieur le Marquis. And I believe a Marquise took a fancy to the Virginian General, and would have married him out of hand, had he not resisted, and fled back to England and Warrington and Bury again, especially to the latter place, where the folks would listen to him as he talked about his late wife, with an endless patience and sympathy. As for us, who had known the poor paragon, we were civil, but not quite so enthusiastic regarding her, and rather puzzled sometimes to answer our children's questions about Uncle Hal's angel wife.

The two Generals and myself, and Captain Miles, and Parson Blake

(who was knocked over at Monmouth, the year after I left America, and came home to change his coat, and take my living), used to fight the battles of the Revolution over our bottle; and the parson used to cry, "By Jupiter, General (he compounded for Jupiter, when he laid down his military habit), you are the Tory, and Sir George is the Whig! He is always finding fault with our leaders, and you are for ever standing up for them; and when I prayed for the King last Sunday, I heard you following me quite loud."

"And so I do, Blake, with all my heart; I can't forget I wore his coat," says Hal.

"Ah, if Wolfe had been alive for twenty years more!" says Lambert.

"Ah, sir," cries Hal, "you should hear the General talk about *him!*"

"What General?" says I (to vex him).

"*My* General," says Hal, standing up, and filling a bumper, "His Excellency General George Washington!"

"With all my heart," cry I, but the parson looks as if he did not like the toast or the claret.

Hal never tired in speaking of his general; and it was on some such evening of friendly converse, that he told us how he had actually been in disgrace with this general whom he loved so fondly. Their difference seems to have been about Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette before mentioned, who played such a fine part in history of late, and who hath so suddenly disappeared out of it. His previous rank in our own service, and his acknowledged gallantry during the war, ought to have secured Colonel Warrington's promotion in the Continental army, where a whipper-snapper like M. de Lafayette had but to arrive and straightway to be complimented by Congress with the rank of Major-General. Hal, with the freedom of an old soldier, had expressed himself somewhat contemptuously regarding some of the appointments made by Congress, with whom all sorts of miserable intrigues and cabals were set to work by unscrupulous officers who were greedy of promotion. Mr. Warrington, imitating perhaps in this the example of his now illustrious friend, of Mount Vernon, affected to make the war *en gentilhomme;* took his pay, to be sure, but spent it upon comforts and clothing for his men, and as for rank, declared it was a matter of no earthly concern to him, and that he would as soon serve as colonel as in any higher grade. No doubt he added contemptuous remarks regarding certain General Officers of Congress army, their origin, and the causes of their advancement: notably he was very angry about the sudden promotion of the young French lad just named—the Marquis, as they loved to call him—in the Republican army, and who, by the way, was a prodigious favourite of the Chief himself. There were not three officers in the whole Continental force (after poor madcap Lee was taken prisoner and disgraced) who could speak the Marquis's language, so that Hal could judge the young Major-General more closely and familiarly than other gentlemen,

including the Commander-in-Chief himself. Mr. Washington good-naturedly rated friend Hal for being jealous of the beardless commander of Auvergne; was himself not a little pleased by the filial regard and profound veneration which the enthusiastic young nobleman always showed for him; and had, moreover, the very best politic reasons for treating the Marquis with friendship and favour.

Meanwhile, as it afterwards turned out, the Commander-in-Chief was most urgently pressing Colonel Warrington's promotion upon Congress; and, as if his difficulties before the enemy were not enough, he being at this hard time of winter entrenched at Valley Forge, commanding five or six thousand men at the most, almost without fire, blankets, food, or ammunition, in the face of Sir William Howe's army, which was perfectly appointed, and three times as numerous as his own; as if, I say, this difficulty was not enough to try him, he had further to encounter the cowardly distrust of Congress, and insubordination and conspiracy amongst the officers in his own camp. During the awful winter of '77, when one blow struck by the sluggard at the head of the British forces might have ended the war, and all was doubt, confusion, despair in the opposite camp (save in one indomitable breast alone), my brother had an interview with the Chief, which he has subsequently described to me, and of which Hal could never speak without giving way to the deepest emotion. Mr. Washington had won no such triumph as that which the dare-devil courage of Arnold and the elegant imbecility of Burgoyne had procured for Gates and the northern army. Save in one or two minor encounters, which proved how daring his bravery was, and how unceasing his watchfulness, General Washington had met with defeat after defeat from an enemy in all points his superior. The Congress mistrusted him. Many an officer in his own camp hated him. Those who had been disappointed in ambition, those who had been detected in peculation, those whose selfishness or incapacity his honest eyes had spied out,—were all more or less in league against him. Gates was the Chief towards whom the malcontents turned. Mr. Gates was the only genius fit to conduct the war; and with a vain-gloriousness, which he afterwards generously owned, he did not refuse the homage which was paid him.

To show how dreadful were the troubles and anxieties with which General Washington had to contend, I may mention what at this time was called the "Conway Cabal." A certain Irishman—a Chevalier of St. Louis, and an officer in the French service—arrived in America early in the year '77 in quest of military employment. He was speedily appointed to the rank of brigadier; and could not be contented, forsooth, without an immediate promotion to be major-general.

Mr. C. had friends at Congress, who, as the General-in-Chief was informed, had promised him his speedy promotion. General Washington remonstrated, representing the injustice of promoting to the

highest rank the youngest brigadier in the service; and whilst the matter was pending, was put in possession of a letter from Conway to General Gates, whom he complimented, saying, that "Heaven had been determined to save America, or a weak general and bad councillors would have ruined it." The General enclosed the note to Mr. Conway, without a word of comment; and Conway offered his resignation, which was refused by Congress, who appointed him Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Major-General.

"And it was at this time," says Harry (with many passionate exclamations indicating his rage with himself and his admiration of his leader), "when, by heavens, the glorious Chief was oppressed by troubles enough to drive ten thousand men mad—that I must interfere with my jealousies about the Frenchman! I had not said much, only some nonsense to Greene and Cadwalader about getting some frogs against the Frenchman came to dine with us, and having a bag full of Marquises over from Paris, as we were not able to command ourselves;—but I should have known the Chief's troubles, and that he had a better head than mine, and might have had the grace to hold my tongue.

"For awhile the General said nothing, but I could remark, by the coldness of his demeanour, that something had occurred to create a schism between him and me. Mrs. Washington, who had come to camp, also saw that something was wrong. Women have artful ways of soothing men and finding their secrets out. I am not sure that I should have ever tried to learn the cause of the General's displeasure, for I am as proud as he is, and besides" (says Hal) "when the Chief is angry, it was not pleasant coming near him, I can promise you." My brother was indeed subjugated by his old friend, and obeyed him and bowed before him as a boy before a school-master.

"At last," Hal resumed, "Mrs. Washington found out the mystery. 'Speak to me after dinner, Colonel Hal,' says she. 'Come out to the parade-ground, before the dining-house, and I will tell you all.' I left a half-score of general officers and brigadiers drinking round the General's table, and found Mrs. Washington waiting for me. She then told me it was the speech I had made about the box of Marquises, with which the General was offended. 'I should not have heeded it in another,' he had said, 'but I never thought Harry Warrington would have joined against me.'

"I had to wait on him for the word that night, and found him alone at his table. 'Can your Excellency give me five minutes' time?' I said, with my heart in my mouth. 'Yes, surely, sir,' says he, pointing to the other chair, 'will you please to be seated?'

"'It used not always to be Sir and Colonel Warrington, between me and your Excellency,' I said.

"He said, calmly, 'The times are altered.'

"'Et nos mutamur in illis,' says I. 'Times and people are both changed.'

"'You had some business with me?' he asked.

"'Am I speaking to the Commander-in-Chief or to my old friend?' I asked.

"He looked at me gravely. 'Well,—to both, sir,' he said. 'Pray sit, Harry.'

"'If to General Washington, I tell his Excellency that I, and many officers of this army, are not well pleased to see a boy of twenty made a major-general over us, because he is a Marquis, and because he can't speak the English language. If I speak to my old friend, I have to say that he has shown me very little of trust or friendship for the last few weeks; and that I have no desire to sit at your table, and have impertinent remarks made by others there, of the way in which his Excellency turns his back on me.'

"'Which charge shall I take first, Harry?' he asked, turning his chair away from the table, and crossing his legs as if ready for a talk. 'You are jealous, as I gather, about the Marquis?'

"'Jealous! sir,' says I; 'An aide-de-camp of Mr. Wolfe is not jealous of a Jack-a-dandy who, five years ago, was being whipped at school!'

"'You yourself declined higher rank than that which you hold,' says the Chief, turning a little red.

"'But I never bargained to have a Macaroni Marquis to command me!' I cried; 'I will not, for one, carry the young gentleman's orders; and since Congress and your Excellency chooses to take your generals out of the nursery, I shall humbly ask leave to resign, and retire to my plantation.'

"'Do, Harry; that is true friendship!' says the Chief, with a gentleness that surprised me. 'Now that your old friend is in a difficulty, 'tis surely the best time to leave him.'

"'Sir!' says I.

"'Do as so many of the rest are doing, Mr. Warrington. *Et tu, Brute*, as the play says. Well, well, Harry! I did not think it of you; but, at least, you are in the fashion.'

"'You asked which charge you should take first?' I said.

"'O, the promotion of the Marquis? I recommended the appointment to Congress, no doubt; and you and other gentlemen disapprove it.'

"'I have spoken for myself, sir,' says I.

"'If you take me in that tone, Colonel Warrington, I have nothing to answer!' says the Chief, rising up very fiercely; 'and presume that I can recommend officers for promotion without asking your previous sanction.'

"'Being on that tone, sir,' says I, 'let me respectfully offer my resignation to your Excellency, founding my desire to resign upon the fact, that Congress, at your Excellency's recommendation, offers its highest commands to boys of twenty, who are scarcely even acquainted with our language.' And I rise up and make his Excellency a bow.

"'Great Heavens, Harry!' he cries—(about this Marquis's appointment; he was beaten, that was the fact, and he could not reply to me)—'Can't you believe that that in this critical time of our affairs, there are reasons why special favours should be shown to the first Frenchman of distinction who comes amongst us?'

"'No doubt, sir. If your Excellency acknowledges that Monsieur de Lafayette's merits have nothing to do with the question.'

"'I acknowledge or deny nothing, sir!' says the General, with a stamp of his foot, and looking as though he could be terribly angry if he would. 'Am I here to be catechised by you? Stay. Hark, Harry! I speak to you as a man of the world—nay, as an old friend. This appointment humiliates you and others, you say? Be it so! Must we not bear humiliation along with the other burthens and griefs for the sake of our country? It is no more just perhaps that the Marquis should be set over you gentlemen, than that your Prince Ferdinand or your Prince of Wales at home should have a command over veterans. But if in appointing this young nobleman we please a whole nation, and bring ourselves twenty millions of allies, will you and other gentlemen sulk because we do him honour? 'Tis easy to sneer at him (though, believe me, the Marquis has many more merits than you allow him); to my mind it were more generous as well as more polite of Harry Warrington to welcome this stranger for the sake of the prodigious benefit our country may draw from him—not to laugh at his peculiarities, but to aid him and help his ignorance by your experience as an old soldier: that is what I would do—that is the part I expected of thee—for it is the generous and the manly one, Harry: but you choose to join my enemies, and when I am in trouble you say you will leave me. That is why I have been hurt: that is why I have been cold. I thought I might count on your friendship—and—and you can tell whether I was right or no. I relied on you as on a brother, and you come and tell me you will resign. Be it so! Being embarked in this contest, by God's will I will see it to an end. You are not the first, Mr. Warrington, has left me on the way.'

"He spoke with so much tenderness, and as he spoke his face wore such a look of unhappiness, that an extreme remorse and pity seized me, and I called out I know not what incoherent expressions regarding old times, and vowed that if he would say the word, I never would leave him. You never loved him, George," says my brother, turning to me, "but I did beyond all mortal men; and, though I am not clever like you, I think my instinct was in the right. He has a greatness not approached by other men——"

"I don't say no, brother," said I, "now."

"Greatness, Pooh!" says the Parson growling over his wine.

"We walked into Mrs. Washington's tea-room arm-in-arm," Hal resumed, "she looked up quite kind, and saw we were friends. 'Is it all over, Colonel Harry?' she whispered. 'I know he has applied ever so often about your promotion——'

"'I never will take it,' says I. 'And that is how I came *to do penance,*' says Harry, telling me the story, 'with Lafayette the next winter.' (Hal could imitate the Frenchman very well.) 'I will go *weez heem,*' says I. 'I know the way to Quebec, and when we are not in action with Sir Guy, I can hear his Excellency the Major-General say his lesson.' There was no fight, you know: we could get no army to act in Canada, and returned to head-quarters; and what do you think disturbed the Frenchman most? The idea that people would laugh at him, because his command had come to nothing. And so they did laugh at him, and almost to his face too, and who could help it? If our chief had any weak point it was this Marquis.

"After our little difference we became as great friends as before—if a man may be said to be friends with a Sovereign Prince, for as such I somehow could not help regarding the General: and one night, when we had sate the company out, we talked of old times, and the jolly days of sport we had together both before and after Braddock's; and that pretty duel you were near having when we were boys. He laughed about it, and said he never saw a man look more wicked and more bent on killing than you did: 'And to do Sir George justice, I think he has hated me ever since,' says the Chief. 'Ah!' he added, 'an open enemy I can face readily enough. 'Tis the secret foe who causes the doubt and anguish! We have sat with more than one at my table to-day to whom I am obliged to show a face of civility, whose hands I must take when they are offered, though I know they are stabbing my reputation, and are eager to pull me down from my place. You spoke but lately of being humiliated because a junior was set over you in command. What humiliation is yours compared to mine, who have to play the farce of welcome to these traitors; who have to bear the neglect of Congress, and see men who have insulted me promoted in my own army? If I consulted my own feelings as a man, would I continue in this command? You know whether my temper is naturally warm or not, and whether as a private gentleman I should be likely to suffer such slights and outrages as are put upon me daily; but in the advancement of the sacred cause in which we are engaged, we have to endure not only hardship and danger, but calumny and wrong, and may God give us strength to do our duty!' And then the General showed me the papers regarding the affair of that fellow Conway, whom Congress promoted in spite of the intrigue, and down whose black throat John Cadwalader sent the best ball he ever fired in his life.

"And it was here," said Hal, concluding his story, "as I looked at the Chief talking at night in the silence of the camp, and remembered how lonely he was; what an awful responsibility he carried; how spies and traitors were eating out of his dish, and an enemy lay in front of him who might at any time overpower him, that I thought, 'Sure, this is the greatest man now in the world; and what a wretch I am to think of my jealousies and annoyances, whilst he is walking serenely under his immense cares!'"

"We talked but now of Wolfe," said I. "Here, indeed, is a greater than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; and to forego even ambition when the end is gained. Who can say this is not greatness, or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?"

"I wonder, Sir George, you did not take Mr. Washington's side, and wear the blue and buff yourself," grumbles Parson Blake.

"You and I thought scarlet most becoming to our complexion, Joe Blake!" says Sir George. "And my wife thinks there would not have been room for two such great men on one side."

"Well, at any rate, you were better than that odious, swearing, crazy General Lee, who was second in command!" cries Lady Warrington. "And I am certain Mr. Washington never could write poetry and tragedies as you can! What did the General say about George's tragedies, Harry?"

Harry burst into a roar of laughter (in which, of course, Mr. Miles must join his uncle).

"Well!" says he, "it's a fact that Hagan read one at my house to the General and Mrs. Washington and several more, and they all fell sound asleep!"

"He never liked my husband, that is the truth!" says Theo, tossing up her head, "and 'tis all the more magnanimous of Sir George to speak so well of him."

And then Hal told how, his battles over, his country freed, his great work of liberation complete, the General laid down his victorious sword, and met his comrades of the army in a last adieu. The last British soldier had quitted the shore of the Republic, and the Commander-in-Chief proposed to leave New York for Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and there resign his commission. About noon, on the 4th December, a barge was in waiting at Whitehall Ferry to convey him across the Hudson. The chiefs of the army assembled at a tavern near the ferry, and there the General joined them. Seldom as he showed his emotion, outwardly, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine, and said, "I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude, and wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as those past have been glorious and honourable." Then he drank to them. "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave," he said, "but shall be obliged if you will each come and shake me by the hand."

General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the Chief, with tears in his eyes, embraced him. The others came, one by one, to him, and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the tavern to the ferry, and the General, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat, and waving a farewell. And his comrades remained bareheaded on the shore till their leader's boat was out of view.

As Harry speaks very low, in the grey of evening, with sometimes a break in his voice, we all sit touched and silent. Hetty goes up and kisses her father.

"You tell us of others, General Harry," she says, passing a handkerchief across her eyes, "of Marion and Sumpter, of Greene and Wayne, and Rawdon and Cornwallis, too, but you never mention Colonel Warrington!"

"My dear, he will tell you his story in private!" whispers my wife, clinging to her sister, "and you can write it for him."

But it was not to be. My lady Theo and her husband, too, I own, catching the infection from her, never would let Harry rest, until we had coaxed, wheedled, and ordered him to ask Hetty in marriage. He obeyed, and it was she who now declined. "She had always," she said, "the truest regard for him from the dear old times when they had met as almost children together. But she would never leave her father. When it pleased God to take him, she hoped she would be too old to think of bearing any other name but her own. Harry should have her love always as the best of brothers; and as George and Theo have such a nursery full of children," adds Hester, "we must show our love to *them*, by saving for the young ones." She sent him her answer in writing, leaving home on a visit to friends at a distance, as though she would have him to understand that her decision was final. As such Hal received it. He did not break his heart. Cupid's arrows, ladies, don't bite very deep into the tough skins of gentlemen of our age; though, to be sure, at the time to which I write, my brother was still a young man, being little more than fifty. Aunt Het is now a staid little lady with a voice of which years have touched the sweet chords, and a head which Time has powdered over with silver. There are days when she looks surprisingly young and blooming. Ah me, my dear, it seems but a little little while since the hair was golden brown, and the cheeks as fresh as roses! And then came the bitter blast of love unrequited which withered them; and that long loneliness of heart which, they say, follows. Why should Theo and I have been so happy, and thou so lonely? Why should my meal be garnished with love, and spread with plenty, while yon solitary outcast shivers at my gate? I bow my head humbly before the Dispenser of pain and poverty, wealth and health; I feel sometimes as if, for the prizes which have fallen to the lot of me unworthy, I did not *dare* to be grateful. But I hear the voices of my children in their garden, or look up at their mother from my book, or perhaps my sick-bed, and my heart fills with instinctive gratitude towards the bountiful Heaven that has so blest me.

Since my accession to my uncle's title and estate my intercourse with my good cousin Lord Castlewood had been very rare. I had always supposed him to be a follower of the winning side in politics, and was not a little astonished to hear of his sudden appearance in opposition. A disappointment in respect to a place at Court, of

which he pretended to have had some promise, was partly the occasion of his rupture with the Ministry. It is said that the most August Person in the realm had flatly refused to receive into the R-y-l Household a nobleman whose character was so notoriously bad, and whose example (so the August Objector was pleased to say) would ruin and corrupt any respectable family. I heard of the Castlewoods during our travels in Europe, and that the mania for play had again seized upon his lordship. His impaired fortunes having been retrieved by the prudence of his wife and father-in-law, he had again begun to dissipate his income at hombre and lansquenet. There were tales of malpractices in which he had been discovered, and even of chastisement inflicted upon him by the victims of his unscrupulous arts. His wife's beauty and freshness faded early; we met but once at Aix-la-Chapelle, where Lady Castlewood besought my wife to go and see her, and afflicted Lady Warrington's kind heart by stories of the neglect and outrage of which her unfortunate husband was guilty. We were willing to receive these as some excuse and palliation for the unhappy lady's own conduct. A notorious adventurer, gambler, and *spadassin*, calling himself the Chevalier de Barry, and said to be a relative of the mistress of the French king, but afterwards turning out to be an Irishman of low extraction, was in constant attendance upon the earl and countess at this time, and conspicuous for the audacity of his lies, the extravagance of his play, and somewhat mercenary gallantry towards the other sex, and a ferocious bravo courage, which, however, failed him on one or two awkward occasions, if common report said true. He subsequently married, and rendered miserable, a lady of title and fortune in England. The poor little American lady's interested union with Lord Castlewood was scarcely more happy.

I remember our little Miles's infantile envy being excited by learning that Lord Castlewood's second son, a child a few months younger than himself, was already an ensign on the Irish establishment, whose pay the fond parents regularly drew. This piece of preferment my lord must have got for his *cadet* whilst he was on good terms with the minister, during which period of favour Will Esmond was also shifted off to New York. Whilst I was in America myself, we read in an English journal that Captain Charles Esmond had resigned his commission in his Majesty's service, as not wishing to take up arms against the countrymen of his mother, the Countess of Castlewood. "It is the doing of the old fox, Van den Bosch," Madam Esmond said; "he wishes to keep his Virginian property safe, whatever side should win!" I may mention, with respect to this old worthy, that he continued to reside in England for a while after the declaration of Independence, not at all denying his sympathy with the American cause, but keeping a pretty quiet tongue, and alleging that such a very old man as himself was past the age of action or mischief, in which opinion the Government concurred, no doubt, as he was left quite unmolested. But of a

sudden a warrant was out after him, when it was surprising with what agility he stirred himself, and skipped off to France, whence he presently embarked upon his return to Virginia.

The old man bore the worst reputation amongst the Loyalists of our colony; and was nicknamed "Jack the Painter" amongst them, much to his indignation, after a certain miscreant who was hung in England for burning naval stores in our ports there. He professed to have lost prodigious sums at home by the persecution of the Government, distinguished himself by the loudest patriotism and the most violent religious outcries in Virginia; where, nevertheless, he was not much more liked by the Whigs than by the party who still remained faithful to the Crown. He wondered that such an old Tory as Madam Esmond of Castlewood was suffered to go at large, and was for ever crying out against her amongst the gentlemen of the new Assembly, the Governor, and officers of the State. He and Fanny had high words in Richmond one day, when she told him he was an old swindler and traitor, and that the mother of Colonel Henry Warrington, the bosom friend of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, was not to be insulted by such a little smuggling slave-driver as him! I think it was in the year 1780 an accident happened, when the old Register Office at Williamsburg was burned down, in which was a copy of the formal assignment of the Virginia property from Francis Lord Castlewood to my grandfather Henry Esmond, Esquire. "O," says Fanny, "of course this is the work of Jack the Painter!" And Mr. Van den Bosch was for prosecuting her for libel, but that Fanny took to her bed at this juncture, and died.

Van den Bosch made contracts with the new Government, and sold them bargains, as the phrase is. He supplied horses, meat, forage, all of bad quality; but when Arnold came into Virginia (in the King's service) and burned right and left, Van den Bosch's stores and tobacco-houses somehow were spared. Some secret Whigs now took their revenge on the old rascal. A couple of his ships in James' River, his stores, and a quantity of his cattle in their stalls were roasted amidst a hideous bellowing; and he got a note, as he was in Arnold's company, saying that friends had served him, as he served others; and containing "Tom the Glazier's compliments to brother Jack the Painter." Nobody pitied the old man, though he went well nigh mad at his loss. In Arnold's suite came the Honourable Captain William Esmond, of the New York Loyalists, as Aide-de-Camp to the General. When Howe occupied Philadelphia, Will was said to have made some money keeping a gambling-house with an officer of the dragoons of Anspach. I know not how he lost it. He could not have had much when he consented to become an aide-de-camp of Arnold.

Now the King's officers having reappeared in the province, Madam Esmond thought fit to open her house at Castlewood and invite them thither—and actually received Mr. Arnold and his suite. "It is not for me," she said, "to refuse my welcome to a man whom my Sovereign

has admitted to grace." And she threw her house open to him, and treated him with great though frigid respect whilst he remained in the district. The General gone, and his precious aide-de-camp with him, some of the rascals who followed in their suite remained behind in the house where they had received so much hospitality, insulted the old lady in her hall, insulted her people, and finally set fire to the old mansion in a frolic of drunken fury. Our house at Richmond was not burned, luckily, though Mr. Arnold had fired the town; and thither the undaunted old lady proceeded, surrounded by her people, and never swerving in her loyalty in spite of her ill usage. "The Esmonds," she said, "were accustomed to Royal ingratitude."

And now Mr. Van den Bosch, in the name of his grandson and my Lord Castlewood, in England, set up a claim to our property in Virginia. He said it was not my lord's intention to disturb Madam Esmond in her enjoyment of the estate during her life, but that his father, it had always been understood, had given his kinsman a life interest in the place, and only continued it to his daughter out of generosity. Now my lord proposed that his second son should inhabit Virginia, for which the young gentleman had always shown the warmest sympathy. The outcry against Van den Bosch was so great, that he would have been tarred and feathered, had he remained in Virginia. He betook himself to Congress, represented himself as a martyr ruined in the cause of liberty, and prayed for compensation for himself and justice for his grandson.

My mother lived long in dreadful apprehension, having in truth a secret, which she did not like to disclose to any one. *Her titles were burned!* the deed of assignment in her own house; the copy in the Registry at Richmond had alike been destroyed — by chance? by villany? who could say? She did not like to confide this trouble in writing to me. She opened herself to Hal, after the surrender of York Town, and he acquainted me with the fact in a letter by a British officer returning home on his parole. Then I remembered the unlucky words I had let slip before Will Esmond at the Coffee House at New York; and a part of this iniquitous scheme broke upon me.

As for Mr. Will: there is a tablet in Castlewood Church, in Hampshire, inscribed *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*, and announcing that "This marble is placed by a mourning brother, to the memory of the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, who died in North America, in the service of his King." But how? When, towards the end of 1781, a revolt took place in the Philadelphia Line of the Congress Army, and Sir Henry Clinton sent out agents to the mutineers, what became of them? The men took the spies prisoners, and proceeded to judge them, and my brother (whom they knew and loved, and had often followed under fire), who had been sent from camp to make terms with the troops, recognised one of the spies, just as execution was about to be done upon him—and the wretch, with

horrid outcries, grovelling and kneeling at Colonel Warrington's feet, besought him for mercy, and promised to confess all to him. To confess what? Harry turned away sick at heart. Will's mother and sister never knew the truth. They always fancied it was in action he was killed.

As for my lord Earl, whose noble son has been the intendant of an illustrious Prince, and who has enriched himself at play with his R—l master: I went to see his lordship when I heard of this astounding design against our property, and remonstrated with him on the matter. For myself, as I showed him, I was not concerned, as I had determined to cede my right to my brother. He received me with perfect courtesy; smiled when I spoke of my disinterestedness; said he was sure of my affectionate feelings towards my brother, but what must be his towards his son? He had always heard from his father: he would take his Bible oath of that: that, at my mother's death, the property would return to the head of the family. At the story of the title which Colonel Esmond had ceded, he shrugged his shoulders, and treated it as a fable. "*On ne fait pas de ces folies là!*" says he, offering me snuff, "and your grandfather was a man of esprit! My little grandmother was éprise of him: and my father, the most goodnatured soul alive, lent them the Virginian property to get them out of the way! *C'etoit un scandale, mon cher, un joli petit scandale!*" O, if my mother had but heard him! I might have been disposed to take a high tone: but he said, with the utmost good nature, "My dear Knight, are you going to fight about the character of our grandmother, *allons donc!* Come, I will be fair with you! We will compromise, if you like, about this Virginian property!" and his lordship named a sum greater than the actual value of the estate.

Amazed at the coolness of this worthy, I walked away to my coffee-house, where, as it happened, an old friend was to dine with me, for whom I have a sincere regard. I had felt a pang at not being able to give this gentleman my living of Warrington-on-Waveney, but I *could* not, as he himself confessed honestly. His life had been too loose and his example in my village could never have been edifying: besides, he would have died of *ennui* there, after being accustomed to a town life; and he had a prospect finally, he told me, of settling himself most comfortably in London and the church.* My guest, I need not say, was my old friend Sampson, who never failed to dine with me when I came to town, and I told him of my interview with his old patron.

I could not have lighted upon a better confidant. "Gracious powers!" says Sampson, "the man's roguery beats all belief! When I was secretary and factotum at Castlewood, I can take my oath I saw more than once a copy of the deed of assignment by the late lord to

* He was the second Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, May Fair, and married Elizabeth, relict of Hermann Voelcker, Esq., the eminent brewer.

your grandfather: '*In consideration of the love I bear to my kinsman Henry Esmond, Esq., husband of my dear mother Rachel, Lady Viscountess Dowager of Castlewood, I*' &c.—so it ran. I know the place where 'tis kept—let us go thither as fast as horses will carry us to-morrow. There is somebody there—never mind whom, Sir George —who has an old regard for me. The papers may be there to this very day, and O Lord, O Lord, but I shall be thankful if I can in any way show my gratitude to you and your glorious brother!" His eyes filled with tears. He was an altered man. At a certain period of the port wine Sampson always alluded with compunction to his past life, and the change which had taken place in his conduct since the awful death of his friend Doctor Dodd.

Quick as we were, we did not arrive at Castlewood too soon. I was looking at the fountain in the court, and listening to that sweet sad music of its plashing, which my grandfather tells of in his mémoires, and peopling the place with bygone figures, with Beatrix in her beauty; with my lord Francis in scarlet, calling to his dogs and mounting his grey horse; with the young page of old who won the castle and the heiress—when Sampson comes running down to me with an old volume in rough calf bound, in his hand, containing drafts of letters, copies of agreements, and various writings, some by a secretary of my lord Francis, some in the slim handwriting of his wife my grandmother, some bearing the signature of the last lord; and here was a copy of the assignment sure enough, as it had been sent to my grandfather in Virginia. "Victoria, Victoria!" cries Sampson, shaking my hand, embracing everybody. "Here is a guinea for thee, Betty. We'll have a bowl of punch at the Three Castles to-night!" As we were talking, the wheels of post-chaises were heard, and a couple of carriages drove into the court containing my lord and a friend, and their servants in the next vehicle. His lordship looked only a little paler than usual at seeing me.

"What procures me the honour of Sir George Warrington's visit, and pray, Mr. Sampson, what do you do here?" says my lord. I think he had forgotten the existence of this book, or had never seen it; and when he offered to take his Bible oath of what he had heard from his father, had simply volunteered a perjury.

I was shaking hands with his companion, a nobleman with whom I had had the honor to serve in America. "I came," I said, "to convince myself of a fact, about which you were mistaken yesterday; and I find the proof in your lordship's own house. Your lordship was pleased to take your lordship's Bible-oath, that there was no agreement between your father and his mother, relative to some property which I hold. When Mr. Sampson was your lordship's secretary, he perfectly remembered having seen a copy of such an assignment, and here it is."

"And do you mean, Sir George Warrington, that unknown to me you have been visiting my papers?" cries my lord.

"I doubted the correctness of your statement, though backed by your lordship's Bible-oath," I said with a bow.

"This, sir, is robbery! Give the papers back!" bawled my lord.

"Robbery is a rough word, my lord. Shall I tell the whole story to Lord Rawdon?"

"What, is it about the Marquisate? *Connu, connu,* my dear Sir George! We always called you the Marquis in New York. I don't know who brought the story from Virginia."

I never had heard this absurd nickname before, and did not care to notice it. "My Lord Castlewood," I said, "not only doubted, but yesterday laid a claim to my property, taking his Bible-oath that——"

Castlewood gave a kind of gasp, and then said. "Great Heaven! Do you mean, Sir George, that there actually is an agreement extant? Yes. Here it is—my father's hand-writing, sure enough! Then the question is clear. Upon my o—, well, upon my honour as a gentleman! I never knew of such an agreement, and must have been mistaken in what my father said. This paper clearly shows the property is yours: and not being mine—why, I wish you joy of it!" and he held out his hand with the blandest smile.

"And how thankful you will be to me, my lord, for having enabled me to establish the right," says Sampson with a leer on his face.

"Thankful? No, confound you. Not in the least!" says my lord. "I am a plain man; I don't disguise from my cousin that I would rather have had the property than he. Sir George, you will stay and dine with us, a large party is coming down here shooting. We ought to have you one of us!"

"My lord," said I, buttoning the book under my coat, "I will go and get this document copied, and then return it to your lordship. As my mother in Virginia has had her papers burned, she will be put out of much anxiety by having this assignment safely lodged."

"What, have Madam Esmond's papers been burned? When the deuce was that?" asks my lord.

"My lord, I wish you a very good afternoon. Come, Sampson, you and I will go and dine at the Three Castles." And I turned on my heel, making a bow to Lord R * * * *, and from that day to this I have never set my foot within the halls of my ancestors.

Shall I ever see the old mother again, I wonder? She lives in Richmond, never having rebuilt her house in the country. When Hal was in England, we sent her pictures of both her sons, painted by the admirable Sir Joshua Reynolds. We sate to him, the last year Mr. Johnson was alive, I remember. And the Doctor, peering about the studio, and seeing the image of Hal in his uniform (the appearance of it caused no little excitement in those days), asked who was this? and was informed that it was the famous American General — General Warrington, Sir George's brother. "General *Who?*" cries the Doctor, "General *Where?* Pooh! I don't know such

a service!" and he turned his back and walked out of the premises. My worship is painted in scarlet, and we have *replicas* of both performances at home. But the picture which Captain Miles and the girls declare to be most like is a family sketch by my ingenious neighbour, Mr. Bunbury, who has drawn me and my lady with Monsieur Gumbo following us, and written under the piece, "SIR GEORGE, MY LADY, AND THEIR MASTER."

Here my master comes; he has poked out all the house-fires, has looked to all the bolts, has ordered the whole male and female crew to their chambers; and begins to blow my candles out, and says, "Time, Sir George, to go to bed! Twelve o'clock!"

"Bless me! So indeed it is." And I close my book, and go to my rest, with a blessing on those now around me asleep.

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE VIRGINIANS.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD BY THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1859.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

SIR HENRY DAVISON,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF MADRAS,

This Book is inscribed

BY

AN AFFECTIONATE OLD FRIEND.

LONDON, *September* 7, 1859.

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DR.

DE JONGH'S

(KNIGHT OF THE

ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM)

LIGHT-BROWN

COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed by the most eminent medical men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

Consumption and Diseases of the Chest and Throat, General Debility, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Skin, Scrofulous Affections, Rickets, Infantile Wasting, and all the Disorders of Children arising from Defective Nutrition.

Dr. de Jongh, an eminent Dutch Physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works recording these investigations have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists of Europe—amongst whom may be enumerated the illustrious Liebig, of the University of Giessen, the renowned Swedish Chemist, Berzelius, and the celebrated Physician, Baron Fouquier, of the University of Paris—Dr. de Jongh has been rewarded by his Majesty Leopold I., the King of the Belgians, with the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty William II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose.

Extensive use upon the Continent for many years has gained for Dr. de Jongh's Oil the highest repute, and professional and general appreciation. Since its introduction into this country it has secured the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the British Medical Profession, and has obtained, notwithstanding the active and in many instances unscrupulous opposition of interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage.

Dr. de Jongh's elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil: iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in much larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

In taste and odour Dr. de Jongh's Oil is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken by the most delicate invalid or child; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; and does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, and it produces beneficial results and effects a cure in a much shorter period. In innumerable cases Dr. de Jongh's Oil has afforded immediate mitigation of symptoms, arrested disease, and restored health, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered with little or no benefit.

In use it is not so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable Chemists, whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. *This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.*

DISORDERS OF INFANCY, CHILDHOOD, AND ADOLESCENCE.

In those severe disorders, infantile wasting, rickets, and mesenteric disease or swelling of the belly, Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil, whether the disease be at its commencement or at its height, will supersede every other means of cure, and will accomplish whatever can be expected or hoped for from any medicine. The learned German Physician Brefeld, gives the following description of its operation :—

"The healing virtue of this Oil in these forms of disease is as incredible as it is unlimited in its effects. Even in the very extremity of life, where the patient appears to be sinking, and death inevitable, it affords relief as a matter of certainty. I know nothing to controvert this, except an intervening attack of acute fever and the termination of life, the death-struggle itself. It moderates slow fever and diarrhœa as well as the other symptoms of rickets, which one after the other are gradually dispersed. It improves digestion and the consequent nourishment of the body; the tumid belly softens and diminishes in size as the wasted extremities begin to recover their rotundity. The old features again become natural and childish; the skin moist and clear; the powers of life are restored; the eyes are again full of life and brightness; the slow fever disappears; the childish gaiety re-establishes itself; with a return of healthy sound sleep, and removal of that anxious nightly starting and shrieking which render the night so wretched to the infant. With the increasing strength the desire and ability to stand and to walk return; and the unnatural state of the bones, both in form and strength, by degrees is corrected.

"As an anthelmintic the Oil is a most excellent adjuvant, by which the worms are dislodged, both mildly and effectually."

In that precarious and distressing state where the child may be sickly and feeble without being actually ill, the surprising efficacy of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is thus described by the distinguished Physician, Dr. Edward Carey :—

"It is in the diseases incidental to childhood that mainly depend on the mal-assimilation of the food in the pale cachectic child, when the anxious practitioner has exhausted the whole range of alteratives and tonics, that this Cod Liver Oil will come in and satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Where the powers of life are low, it affords nourishment to the body when none other can be borne; it furnishes the frame with fat in a truly wonderful manner; and, administered as it is in Holland, to the delicate and puny child, who, though not considered ill, is in that state of impaired health which would favour the development of disease, its extraordinary effects will soon be visible, after having taken it for a short period, by an appearance of health and strength which was before unknown, and which will be accomplished by no other remedy with which we are at present acquainted."

The remedial virtues of Dr. de Jongh's Oil in cases of hereditary weakness or deficient nutrition, the prolific causes of convulsive affections and many fatal disorders of children, are thus recorded in the *Medical Times and Gazette* :—

"In badly nourished infants Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is truly astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children like the taste of the Oil, and when it is given them often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

In checking a tendency to consumption and general debility at that age when a too rapid growth in the young renders the constitution fragile, and weakens the powers of assimilation and nutrition, this Oil has been found singularly efficacious. Dr. Pruys van der Hoeven, the eminent Physician of Leyden, states :—

"I have given the Cod Liver Oil to boys whose form of chest, delicate skin, and disposition to catarrh, showed a phthisical habit, and it has, in conjunction with dietetic and gymnastic rules, not only improved the delicate appearance, but has removed the obstinate cough. I have administered it to young people who grow tall exceedingly quickly, and have in all cases found it a most powerful restorative."

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

In these distressing and unsightly complaints, which oftentimes tenaciously resist for years the whole Pharmacopœia of alteratives and tonics, combined with every available ointment and lotion, the curative effects of Dr. de Jongh's Oil, after a few weeks' administration, in the most inveterate cases, have been so remarkable, that this safe and simple remedy is now regarded as a specific in the most prevalent chronic cutaneous affections.

It will be sufficient to quote the following opinion of Thomas Hunt, Esq., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, and the eminent writer on cutaneous disorders, who, in his popular work, "Guide to the Treatment of Diseases of the Skin," observes :—

"If there is any one medicine which is at all to be compared with arsenic in its power over skin diseases, that medicine is the Cod Liver Oil sold in bottles as Dr. de Jongh's Oil. As there is no medicine in the market more grossly adulterated than what is called Cod Liver Oil, I insist upon my patients procuring this article, which I know to be genuine, not only by analysis, but by the invariably satisfactory operation of the medicine in very small doses, in the cases to which it is appropriate. These are chiefly those accompanied with wasting of the flesh, from whatever cause, mal-assimilation, defective nutrition, variable appetite, deficient food, strumous disease, &c. The cutaneous diseases most benefited by the Oil may be cited in the following order—strumous sores, sycosis, lupus, acne, prurigo, lichen, eczema."

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISORDERS.

All who have prescribed this Oil have unanimously acknowledged its virtues in every form of scrofula, and bestowed upon it the highest praise, which has secured it the first place amongst anti-scrofulous remedies. It eradicates the first trace of the disease, and prevents its development and formation.

Brefeld says, "There is no remedy which at all approaches its therapeutic properties in scrofulous disease, it is an undoubted powerful medicine, operating in a peculiar specific manner, and affording relief where, to all appearance, and according to former experience, the disorder was beyond the reach of medicine."

Kopp states, "The first time the Cod Liver Oil is prescribed for a scrofulous patient, its favourable effects are soon apparent, and which can only be attributed to its use, frequently acting in a truly wonderful manner. It effects a change in the general appearance; the cachectic colour is lost, the flabby flesh becomes firm, the chain of swollen glands diminish and separate, and ulcers put on a healthy character and heal."

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

From innumerable Medical and Scientific Opinions of the highest character in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, the following are selected :—

BARON FOUQUIER,

Professor at the University of Paris, Physician to his late Majesty Louis Philippe, &c. &c.

"I must openly acknowledge that you have rendered an eminent service to science by acquainting practitioners with the cause of the frequent irregularity in the effects of Cod Liver Oil, and directing their attention to a proper choice. You have thereby preserved to science the use of a medicine that might have fallen into utter discredit, in consequence of its unaccountable inaction in some cases. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I pay my tribute of well-merited praise to the successful efforts of the learned Physician and Chemist, whose researches after truth have cost him so many sacrifices, and who has shown us the way of rendering highly effectual the administration of one of the most powerful medicines we are acquainted with.

"Accept the assurance, most honoured colleague, of my sincere expression of gratitude and regard.

"(Signed) FOUQUIER, Physician to the King.

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague." "Paris, Nov. 12, 1847."

EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.,

Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Superintendent of the Food Collection at the South Kensington Museum, &c. &c.

"I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of the Cod Liver Oil prepared under the superintendence of DR. DE JONGH, of the Hague.

"I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction, after an examination of the specimens of this Oil which have been submitted to me, that they are genuine Cod Liver Oil. I believe also that the purity and genuineness of this Oil is secured in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist and intelligent a Physician as DR. DE JONGH. He was the first Chemist who gave an accurate analysis of the Cod Liver Oil and the discoverer of an organic substance which it contains. He has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. Hence I should deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.,

Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," *&c. &c.*

"Dr. Granville has used DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as De Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil."

W. MURDOCH, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.,

Medical Officer of Health, St. Mary, Rotherhithe, &c. &c.

"I entertain a high opinion of DR. DE JONGH'S valuable Oil, the results in my practice being much more satisfactory since I have administered it than they were when I used the preparations of Pale Oil usually sold by the druggists. I never could get two samples of them alike, whereas DR. DE JONGH'S Oil is always the same in taste, colour, and other properties. My own opinion is, that it is the best Oil sold."

EDGAR SHEPPARD, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.,

Translator of "GIBERT ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN," "BECQUEREL AND RODIER'S RESEARCHES ON THE BLOOD," *&c. &c.*

"Dr. Sheppard has made extensive use of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and has great pleasure in testifying to its superiority over every other preparation to be met with in this country. It has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils. Dr. Sheppard has no hesitation in stating that he believes an imperial pint of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil to be of more value than an imperial quart of any other to be met with in London."

R. D. EDGCUMBE, Esq., M.R.C.S.,

Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary, Pimlico, &c. &c.

"I have used DR. DE JONGH'S Oil in my own family with marked success, and believe it to be in its effect superior to any other preparation. I am desirous of introducing it into the Royal Dispensary, Pimlico, of which I am one of the surgeons."

☞ DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL *is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with* DR. DE JONGH'S *stamp and signature, and to these capsules and marks purchasers are earnestly requested to pay particular attention.*

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IMPORTANT CAUTION.—*The public are solicitously cautioned against intrusive attempts frequently made by apparently respectable but not over-scrupulous Chemists, not satisfied with the legitimate profits of trade, to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as* DR. DE JONGH'S, *or equally efficacious. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to apply directly to* DR. DE JONGH'S *Agents in London, who will enable them to obtain the Oil without any additional charge.*

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1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
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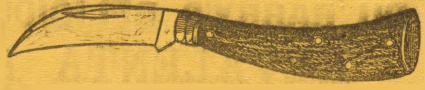

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DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

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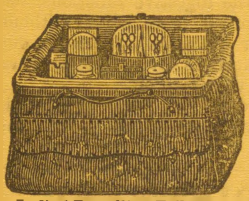
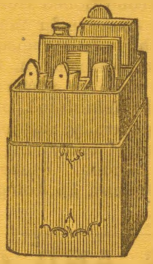
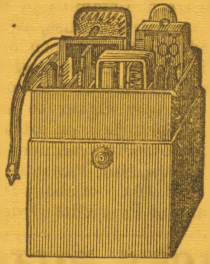


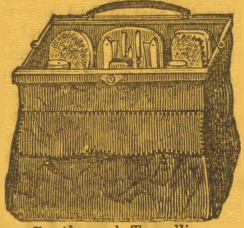
Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.

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DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

Which saves 50 times its cost in other remedies, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

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Cure No. 49,832. "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food. Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

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Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

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Cure No. 18,216. Dr. Andrew Ure, of constipation, dyspepsia, nervous irritability.

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Cure No. 36,212. Captain Allan, of epileptic fits.

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Cure No. 26,418. Dr. Harvey, of diarrhœa and debility.

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